



The  
**Songs**  
That  
**Quinte Sang**



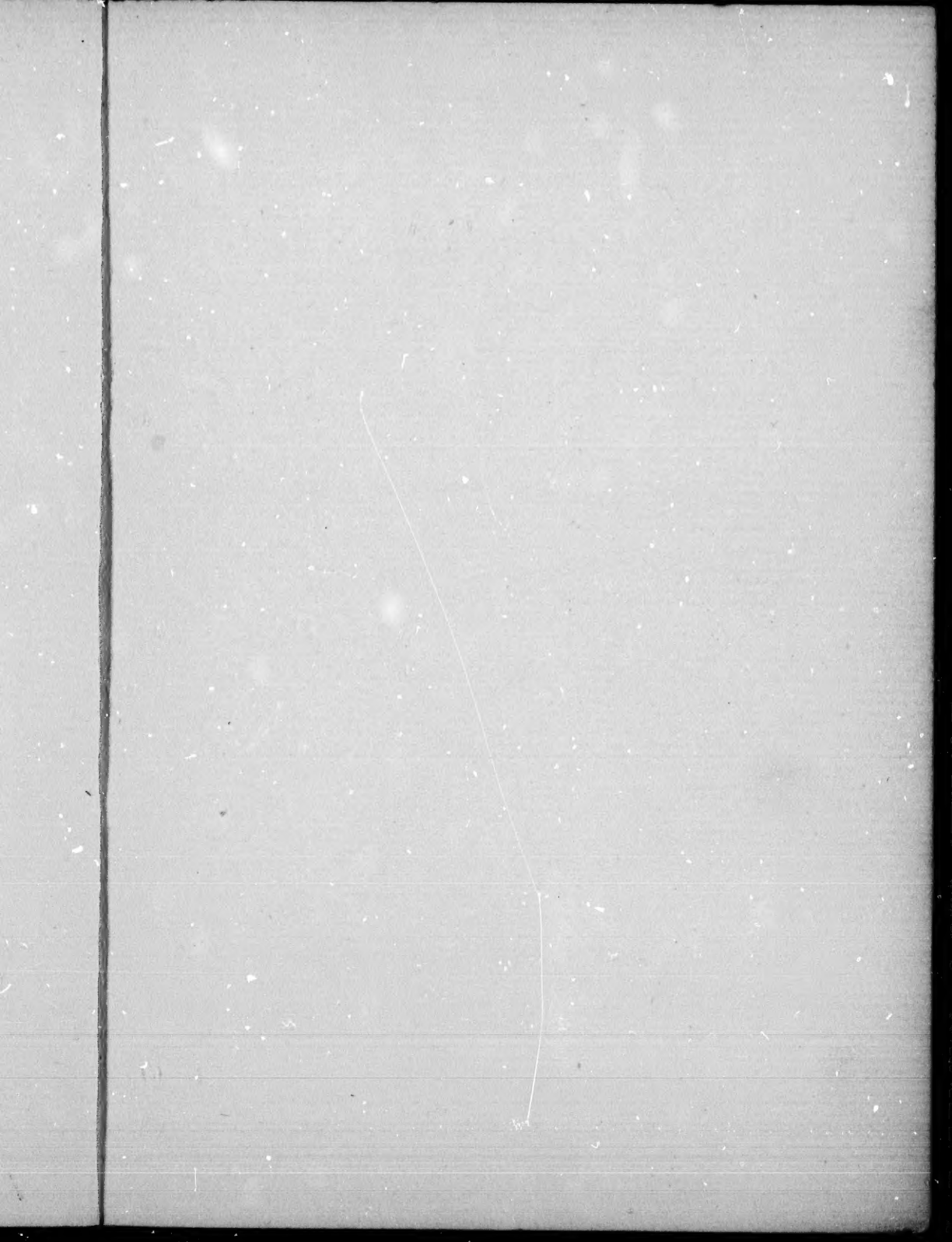
**Marie Jousseye**

BELLEVILLE, CANADA.  
SUN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.  
1895.

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# CONTENTS.

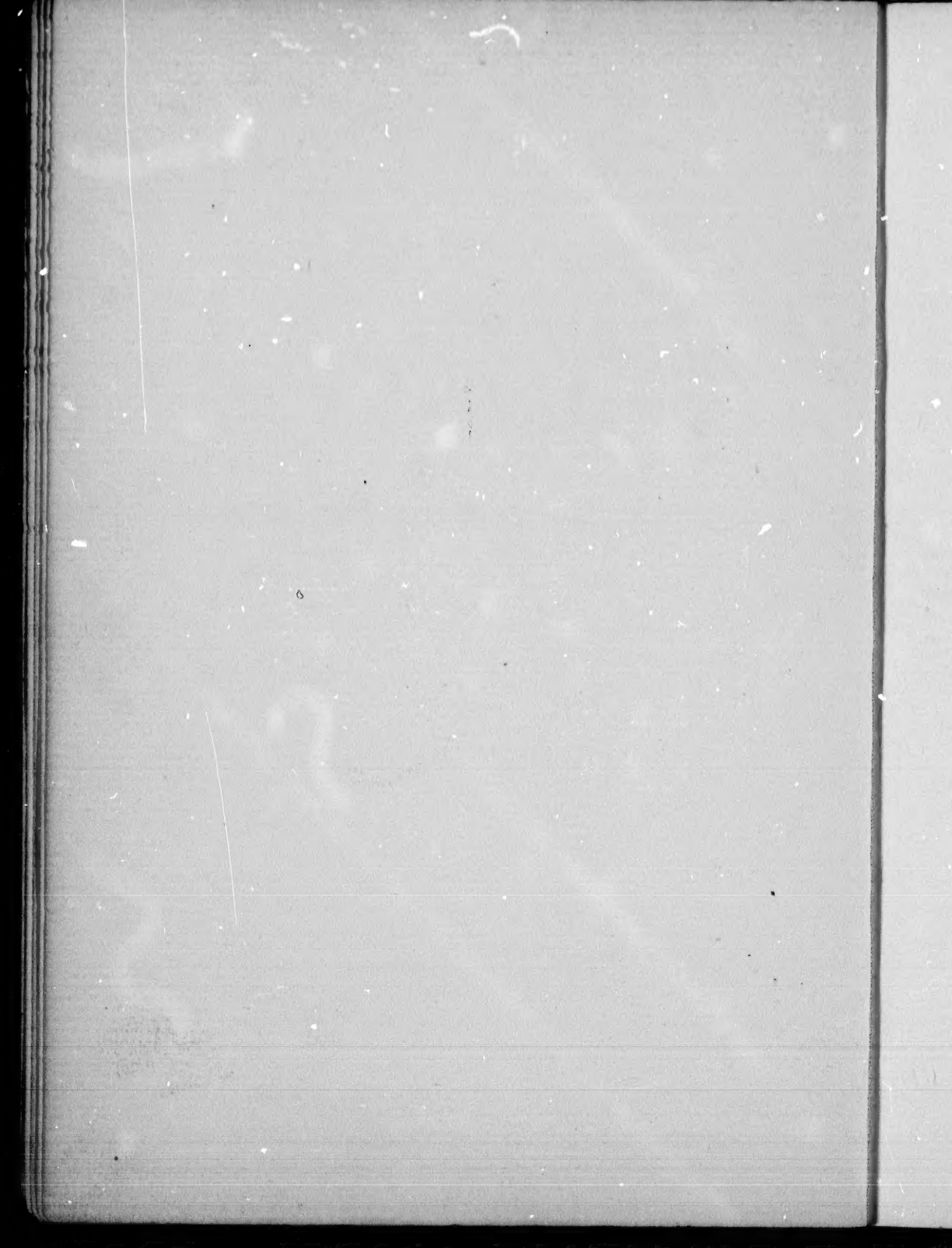


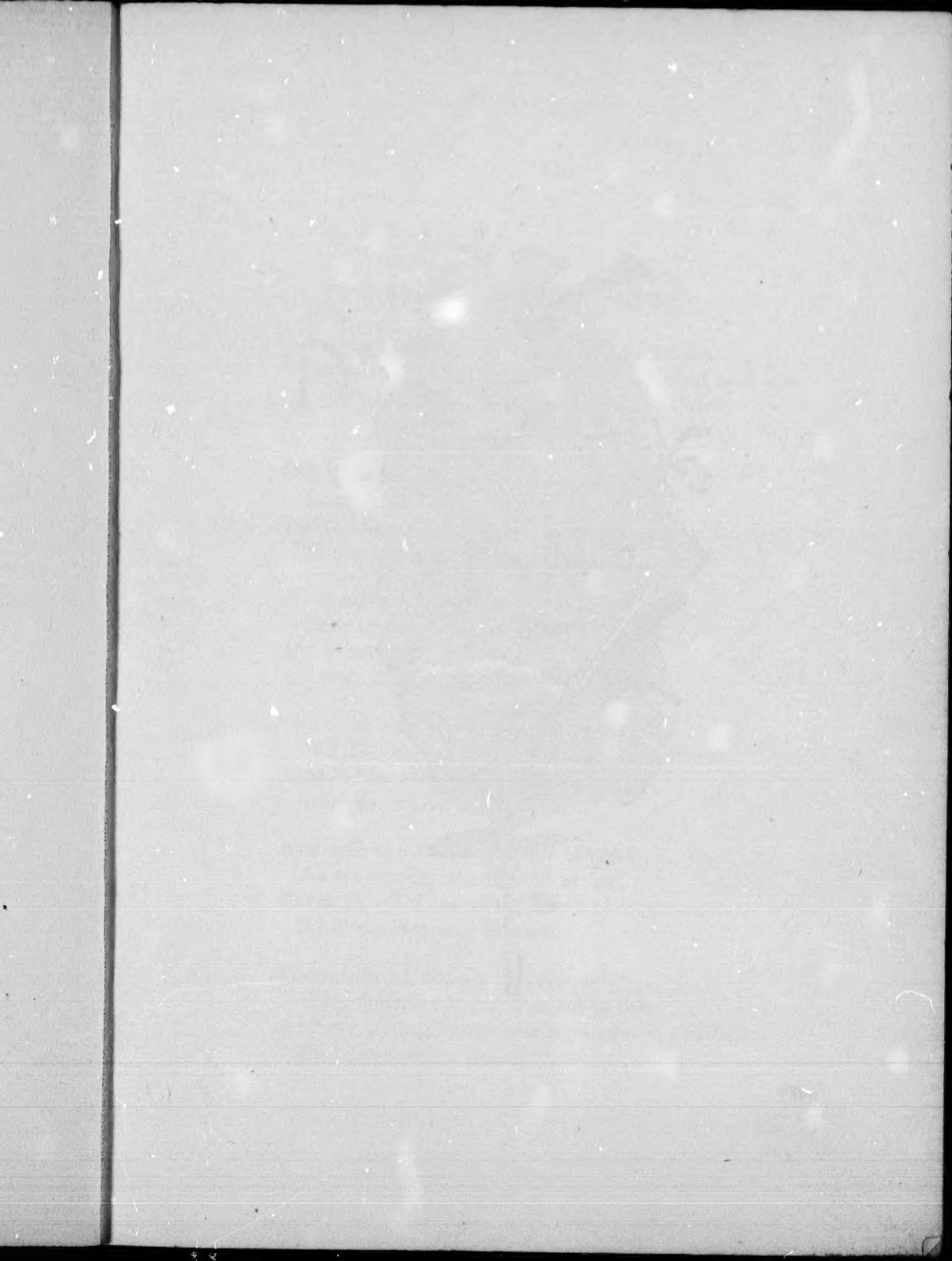
TITLE.	PAGE.
By Quinte's Side - - - - -	11
Rest After Pain - - - - -	15
If I Had known - - - - -	16
Some Day - - - - -	17
Waiting - - - - -	18
My Ships That Went to Sea - - - - -	20
Two Roses - - - - -	22
The Recompense - - - - -	23
Life and Death - - - - -	24
Messengers to the Dead - - - - -	26
To A. G. C. - - - - -	27
At the River - - - - -	28
The Sailor's Grave - - - - -	30
By the Sea - - - - -	33
Two Prayers - - - - -	34
To E. S. - - - - -	35
Our Babies - - - - -	37
To M. A. - - - - -	38
The Lost Baby - - - - -	39
Canada - - - - -	41
Good Luck - - - - -	42
The Bay of Quinte - - - - -	43
Just Like Me - - - - -	44
Her Answer - - - - -	48
Soul and Mind - - - - -	50
From Out the Depths - - - - -	53

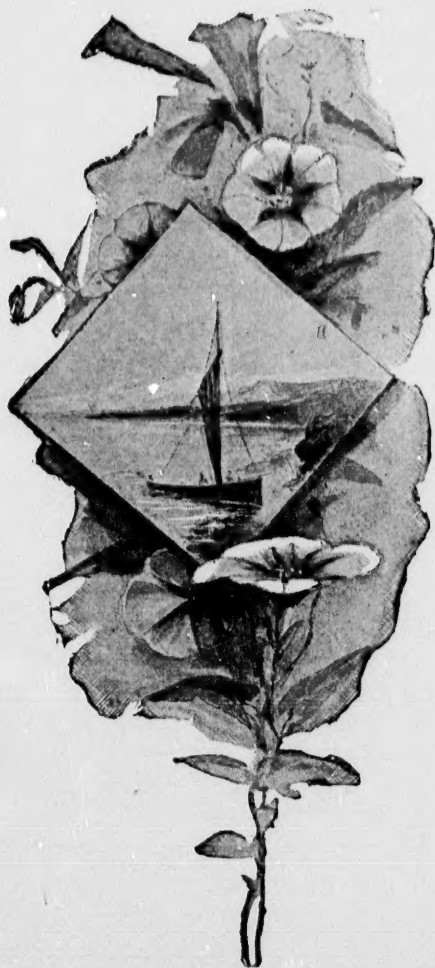
TITLE.	PAGE.
The Lesson - - - - -	54
Unanswered Prayers - - - - -	56
Your Sunny Smile - - - - -	57
My Friend - - - - -	58
The Coming of the King - - - - -	59
Rest - - - - -	65
Only a Working Girl - - - - -	66
The Honest Working Man - - - - -	68
Lend a Hand - - - - -	70
Two Poets - - - - -	72
In Memoriam, G. P. Y. - - - - -	74
A New Year's Greeting - - - - -	76
Death of the Old Year - - - - -	78
Christmas Memories - - - - -	79
The New Year - - - - -	80
A Christmas Prayer - - - - -	82
The Dying Year - - - - -	83
St. Valentine's Eve - - - - -	84
Hallowe'en - - - - -	86
Thanksgiving - - - - -	89
My Prayer - - - - -	90

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NOTE—The sketch illustrating the lines "Dear hearts, their sleep is calm and sweet by Quinte's restful side," is from the pen of the late Stewart Hunter, who died a few days after making the sketch.







## By Quinte's Side.

**D**EAR comrades of a vanished past,  
My childhood's playmates, kind and true,  
Who dwell on Quinte's sunlit shore,  
I give these songs to you.

Old Quinte sang them in my ears  
Long years ago, when I was young.  
I give them back in later years  
The songs that Quinte sung.

How often when a child I strayed  
Dear Quinte's peaceful shores along,  
My heart and soul responding to  
The music of her song.

The wild bird oft would hush its song  
Whilst skimming by on outspread wing  
And listen while old Quinte taught  
Her poet child to sing.

And this the sum of all she taught,  
As tranquilly she flowed along,  
Through all these years I've not forgot,  
"Live, suffer and be strong."

Though but a child I understood,  
Why Quinte sang that song to me,  
And my young heart was hushed and soothed  
By her sweet minstrelsy.

And some have chided me, because  
The songs I love to write are sad,  
They bid me sing in blither strains  
And make the world more glad.

I heed them not, the harp responds  
Unto my touch with plaintive ring  
And, like the birds, I sing the songs  
That God hath bid me sing.

If every bird sang as the lark  
Their blithesome notes would mock the ear,  
The thrush's song is not less sweet,  
Although we weep to hear.

And though we love the sunshine well  
We would not have it always day,  
Man soon would weary were his life  
One ceaseless roundelay.

You will not chide my mournful songs  
O kindly friends of bygone years!  
Because you know my early days  
Knew less of smiles than tears.

And whether critics praise or blame  
I know that loving eyes will note  
And kindly voices praise the songs  
For love of her who wrote.

Let greater poets strive for bays,  
My heart would throb with truer pride  
At one kind word of honest praise  
From friends by Quinte's side.

O, friends and playmates of the past,  
Who dwell on Quinte's sunlit shore,  
Across the gulf that time has wrought  
I greet you all once more!

Though new-found friends have smiled on me  
My heart has never swerved from you  
The old-time friends must ever be  
Far dearer than the new.

The joys that made your kind hearts glad  
Have waked an answering chord in mine  
And ye have wept when I was sad  
My friends of "Auld Lang Syne."

Through all these weary, waiting years  
For your dear faces I have yearned  
And oft through mists of blinding tears  
My longing eyes have turned

Back to the well-loved childhood's haunts,  
Where dear old Quinte, calm and mild,  
With sunny smiles of welcome waits  
To greet her absent child.

I miss some faces that I loved  
Their feet have sought a foreign shore.  
May Heaven turn their wandering steps  
To Quinte's side once more.

And some, grown weary of this life,  
Have folded their pale hands and died.  
Dear hearts, their sleep is calm and sweet  
By Quinte's restful side.

And ye who stood above their graves,  
Your saddened hearts with anguish torn,  
And deemed the burden Heaven sent,  
Too heavy to be borne

Have learned at last, as I once learned,  
The burden of old Quinte's song  
That life's great lesson is "to live,  
To suffer, and be strong."

O, friends of vanished childhood's days  
Who dwell on Quinte's sunlit shore,  
Across the intervening years  
I greet you all once more

Whilst all my heart goes out in prayer,  
May peace and joy with you abide  
And God be with the friends who dwell  
By pleasant Quinte's side.



"Dear hearts, their sleep is calm and sweet  
By Quinte's restful side."

**Rest After Pain.**

The patient, suffering heart is hushed and still  
And he has gained eternal rest at last,  
All care is over now, all weariness,  
All pain is past.

Not as a foe, but as a friend Death came,  
Bearing the gift of peace in his pale hand ;  
He touched the tortured heart and anguish fled  
At his command.

Rest, weary one, and be thou not afraid,  
Death guards thee well, no agonizing dart  
Can pierce the icy shield his hand has laid  
Above thy heart.

Sleep, well-beloved, no harm can come to thee.  
For all is peace within that "low green tent,"  
Sleep, and enjoy the long desired rest  
That Heaven sent.

**If I Had Known.**

If I had known how steep the path of Fame,  
How long the weary years of toil and care,  
How sharp the sting of poverty, the shame  
Of baffled hopes, the bitter, wild despair  
Of prayers unanswered, ever backward thrust  
Upon my heart like ashes, dust on dust,  
I never would have ventured all alone  
To tread the rugged path, if I had known.

If I had known how soon love's roses fade,  
How soon their bloom and beauty know eclipse,  
A cluster o'er my heart I had not laid,  
Nor touched the fragrant blossoms with my lips,  
And my poor heart and lips had not been torn  
If I had known love's rose concealed a thorn,  
Which rankled sore long after Love had flown.  
I had not suffered so, if I had known.

If I had known that friendship had a sting,  
That smiling lips and eyes could hide deceit,  
I had not crowned or worshiped as a king  
This poor clay idol, shattered at my feet,  
Nor given all my loyal trust to learn  
The friend I loved but mocked me in return.  
Over its broken hopes my heart makes moan,  
I had not trusted so, if I had known.

If I had known, nay heart, why should I mourn ?  
Better by far I did not know the pain  
Fate had allotted me e'er I was born.  
And who shall say my life has been in vain ?  
Life is made up of equal joy and care,  
The joy I missed hath been another's share  
And every burden added to my load  
Hath eased some other comrade on the road;  
And God knew best, before the griefs now flown  
My courage would have failed if I had known.

### Some Day.

Some day when I have conned the page of pain  
So closely that no lesson will remain  
For me to learn, and when my lips have quaffed  
Unto the dregs, pale sorrow's bitter draught,  
Then will this troubled heart, so sorely tried,  
From earthly care and tormoil find release  
And death will grant me all that life denied,  
Rest and oblivion and unbroken peace.

Oh ! longed-for hour, when I shall calmly rest  
With idle hands crossed over pulseless breast  
All peacefully within my narrow bed,  
Unheeding those who weep above my head,  
But, Ah ! They would not weep if they could know  
How gladly I shall welcome death, and so  
Whene'er my sobbing heart makes moan, I say  
Hush, hush my heart, the time will come some day.

**Waiting.**

All day long I walk the shore  
Gazing out across the sea  
Where the merry white-capped waves  
Chase each other in their glee.

And I watch with eager eyes,  
Pacing slowly to and fro,  
For the ships I sent to sea  
Many weary years ago.

Other ships come sailing in  
From countries strange far away  
And with canvas closely furled  
Lie at anchor in the bay.

And the sailors as they pass  
Answer me right cheerily  
When I ask them of my ships  
That are still far out at sea.

Oh! I know they pity me,  
Keeping vigil on the strand,  
And with words of kindly cheer  
Come and take me by the hand.

And they bid me cease to weep,  
"Weep no more, dear heart," they say,  
"Soon you'll see your bonnie ships  
Anchored safely in the bay."

So I dry my tears and stand  
Gazing out across the main,  
And with patience wait the hour  
When my ships will come again.

Some day I shall see them all  
Anchored safely off the shore,  
Then my heart will cease to mourn,  
And my vigils will be o'er.

Just so sure as smile the stars  
In the mirror of the sea,  
Just so sure my bonnie ships  
Will return, some day, to me.



### My Ships That Went to Sea.

From the haven of the sheltered bay  
My ships sailed out in proud array ;  
'Twas the morn of a golden summer day  
    And the wind blew fair and free.  
The air was clear, and the sky was bright,  
And the blue waves laughed in the glad sunlight  
And, Oh ! But it was a goodly sight  
    As my ships sailed out to sea.

I was proud of my ships, a gallant fleet,  
With their graceful hulls, so trim and neat,  
Sturdy and staunch and all complete  
    From their spars to the smallest rope.  
One was a ship of stately mien  
Whose white sails shone with a silver sheen,  
A goodlier ship was never seen,  
    And I called her "The Golden Hope."

And laden was she with a cargo rare,  
With beautiful dreams and fancies fair,  
A poet's song and a true heart's prayer,  
    And many a smile and tear.  
Dreams of wealth, and dreams of fame,  
Hopes of winning an honored name  
And all the pride of a lofty aim,  
    And many a hope and fear.

And I watched them as they sailed afar  
Till I saw the top of each slender spar  
Fade beyond the horizon's bar,

But my heart was light and gay.  
For why should I feel a throb of fear  
When the wind blew fair and the sky was clear  
So my heart was light with hope and cheer  
As I watched them sail away,

But often my heart grew sick with fear  
For my ships were gone for many a year  
And O, but the nights were long and drear  
And the days dragged wearily,  
And often when others were fast asleep  
And the angry storm king rode the deep,  
The whole night long I would watch and weep  
For my bonnie ships at sea.

But they bring me glad, good news to-day,  
"Oh! Your ships are coming in," they say,  
"You can see them gliding up the bay  
In the glow of the morning sun."

Oh! My ships are in with their cargoes rare  
And their colors streaming in the air  
My bonnie ships, so brave and fair,  
They are all in--save one.

The Golden Hope with topmasts tall  
Rides like a queen among them all,  
But a fairy shallop, frail and small,  
The dearest of all to me,  
One night when the winds and waves were high  
Went down to her doom 'neath a pitiless sky,  
And never a thought for the rest have I  
Since Love went down at sea.

**Two Roses.**

High on a lofty mountain  
One blossomed in beauty rare,  
The other bloomed in a valley,  
And both were sweet and fair.

But the longing eyes of the maiden  
Were fixed on the heights above,  
"I will gather Fame's fairest roses,  
There is time enough for Love."

And she climbed the rugged mountain  
Though the task was hard and long,  
Though the path proved steep and weary,  
For her heart was brave and strong.

But the sharp thorns wounded sorely  
As she grasped the longed-for prize,  
And she could not see its beauty  
For the tears that dimmed her eyes.

But her heart grew soft and tender  
Amid all her pain and woe,  
As she thought of the fair, sweet flower  
In the pleasant vale below.

But, alas, even while she tarried  
Far up on the mountain side,  
The beautiful rose in the valley  
Had faded away and died.

### The Recompense.

The King once sent His messenger to me  
Charged with a message from the court above.  
"Ask what thou wilt and it shall granted be."  
And my first prayer was, "Angel! Give me love."

The angel smiled on me, then gently sighed,  
"My child! To such as thee, Love bringeth woe."  
But still I prayed and would not be denied,  
Until at last he murmured, "Be it so,"

And held Love's chalice to my eager lips,  
But scarcely had I touched it's golden rim  
When all life's brightness suffered swift eclipse  
And sun and stars unto my eyes grew dim.

And on my lips Love's sweetness turned to rue.  
"Oh, Angel!" then I cried, with sobbing breath,  
"I asked for Love, Life's sweetest gift, and you  
Have mocked me with the bitterness of Death."

The angel smiled once more, then said, "Not so,  
The sweetness of Love's wine is not for all.  
To some it bringeth bliss, to others woe;  
Upon some lips its honey turns to gall.

But fullest recompense awaits above,  
So be thou comforted, my child, and know  
That God reserves His richest meed of Love  
For those who miss its sweetness here below."

**Life and Death.**

On a bed of pain the sick girl lay  
With closed, white-lidded eyes,  
As the sunset gilded the azure bay  
And crimsoned the western skies,  
Whist over her head in bitter strife  
Strove the Angel of Death and the Angel of Life.

In and out of the chamber crept  
The watchers, with noiseless tread,  
They feared to disturb the one who slept,  
For they knew how frail the thread  
That held her light and wavering breath  
And balanced her soul between life and death.

Then a gentle voice the silence broke,  
And they gathered around the bed;  
In low, sweet accents the sick girl spoke.  
Strange were the words she said :  
" Hearken to me and cease the strife,  
O Angel of Death and Angel of Life.

" I am weary listening to the strife  
And to end it I am fain,  
So cease to struggle, O Death and Life  
And I'll choose between ye twain."  
Then turning to Life she wearily sighed,  
" Tell me, what gifts can'st thou give thy bride? "

And swift from his lips the answer came :  
" O maiden ! I'll give thee health  
And youth and hope and deathless fame,  
And treasures of golden wealth."  
Then his voice grew soft as the note of a dove,  
" But best of all, I will give thee love."

But she wearily turned her head aside  
As he spake Love's fatal name.  
" Thou dost mock my sorrow, O Life ! " she cried,  
" For what to me is fame ?  
And health and wealth prove worthless too,  
Since hope is dead and my love untrue.

" O Angel ! I spurn thy gifts and thee."  
And she turned to his rival, Death,  
" And thou ! what hast thou in store for me ? "  
She whispered with fleeting breath,  
A cool, soft kiss on her brow he pressed,  
And murmured, " Oblivion, peace and rest."

And the maiden's face grew strangely calm  
At the sound of the angel's voice,  
And she laid her hand in his pale, cold palm.  
Oh ! wise was the maiden's choice.  
And the watchers in silence held their breath  
As her soul went out to the arms of Death.

**Messengers to the Dead.**

Friends who even now are weeping  
'Round the one you love so well,  
Know that sound of human sorrow  
Cannot break Death's mighty spell.  
Cease to weep, thy bitter wailing  
Falls upon a deafened ear,  
Tears and sobs are unavailing,  
He is dead, he cannot hear.

From a friend who knew and loved him  
Since his earliest childhood's hour,  
And who shares your bitter heart ache  
Comes this offering of flowers.  
Let their beauty light the shadows  
Death has brought around his bed,  
Breathing forth their subtle incense,  
Messengers unto the dead.

Lay them on his pulseless bosom,  
Clasp them in his pale, cold hand,  
As they breathe their silent message  
He will know and understand  
For their breath is far more subtle  
Than the power of human speech,  
And can penetrate his senses  
Where our voices cannot reach.

Tell him, white and fragrant Roses,  
Of our friendship, strong and true ;  
Of our deep and heartfelt sorrow,  
Whisper thou, O mournful Rue !  
But we leave the tenderest message  
Unto thee, Forget-me-not,  
Tell him that through all life's changes  
He will never be forgot.

## A. G. C.

Dear child, 'twas vain for me to pray  
That storms might never cloud thy skies,  
Or that the tears of anguish may  
Ne'er dim thy bonnie eyes.

For never mortal yet but knew  
The weight of sorrow's crushing thrall,  
Joy cometh to a chosen few,  
But sorrow comes to all.

Yet from my heart this prayer goes up,  
When Sorrow's draught your lips must meet,  
May Love and Friendship kiss the cup  
And make the bitter sweet.

### At the River.

I am standing alone by a mystic tide,  
And the dark swift waters flow past my feet,  
While'st floating across from the other side  
Come strains of music, heavenly sweet,  
And I see the beautiful white-robed throng  
Beckoning to me across the wave,  
And I long to join in the rapturous song,  
But the cold, dark waters I dare not brave.

I press my feet to the River of Death,  
But backward shrink with quivering start  
For the icy waters have stopped my breath  
And frozen the blood in my frightened heart,  
Then softly and sweetly the angel song  
Comes floating across to my listening ear :  
" Though the river is dark and swift and strong,  
There is one who will help you, so be of good cheer."

And then in the midst of the beautiful throng  
A wondrous vision bursts on my sight :  
I seem to see on that shining strand  
A form of celestial glory and light,  
And softly there steals to my troubled soul  
Those loving words that calm all fear :  
" Fear not, my child, though the river be cold  
I will bear thee up, so be of good cheer."

With a world of love in his patient eyes  
He stretches the wounded hands to aid,  
And once more speaks in such sad surprise :  
"Oh doubting one, art thou still afraid?  
My feet once pressed the cold dark wave,  
Unaided I stepped o'er the river's brink,  
And wilt thou not trust me, its dangers brave?  
I will bear thee up and thou can'st not sink."

Then all fear goes out from my doubting soul  
And a wondrous peace steals in instead,  
As once more I press to the river cold  
And the icy waters no longer dread,  
And as boldly I plunge in the chilling tide  
The song of the Angels rings sweet and clear—  
"Though the river is dark and cold and wide  
Thy Saviour is with thee, so be of good cheer."

**The Sailor's Grave.**

A stately ship sails out to sea,  
And her sailors sing right merrily  
As they cheerily hoist the snowy sail  
Which bends before the freshning gale.

But there is one who stands apart,  
For song and jest he has no heart,  
And his eyes are dim with unshed tears  
As the fading shore slow disappears.

Now 'tis lost to sight, he breathes a sigh,  
"My own, dear native land, good bye,  
Farewell, loved ones on yonder shore  
We part to meet, perchance no more."

\* \* \* \* \*

The ocean rests in slumber grand,  
And the ship is far out from the land ;  
All gilded in the radiant beams  
Of the golden sun, her white sail gleams.

On the good ship's deck the sailors pace,  
A solemn fear on every face.  
A stranger grim with chilling breath  
Has come on board, his name is Death.

O brave young heart ! that undismayed  
Shrank not when death's chill hand was laid  
Upon thy lips, stilling their breath  
Sealing them with the seal of death.

With canvas coarse for winding sheet  
They shrouded him from head to feet,  
Brushed from his brow the curls of gold,  
And crossed his hands on his bosom cold.

Then a prayer was murmured low and soft,  
While the rising winds in the shrouds aloft  
Sang a mournful requiem, slow and sad—  
A funeral dirge for the sailor lad.

Then a sob broke forth from each manly breast  
As he slowly sank 'neath the blue wave's crest ;  
O noble heart ! so true and brave,  
Sleep on in rest in your sailor's grave.

Sleep on and fear no earthly harm,  
Sleep ! till the judgment's dread alarm  
Shall wake thee from thy dreamless sleep  
And call thee from the silent deep.

\* \* \* \* \*

And the years roll on in grief and joy,  
And a mother weeps for her fair-haired boy,  
And a sister prays with a sob and tear  
For the safe return of her brother dear.

And a maiden stands in a cottage door  
Listening for a step that will come no more,  
And she prays as she looks across the sea,  
" God speed my darling back to me."

And when at eve in the glowing west  
The golden sun sinks down to rest  
They often watch the fading light  
And say, " Perhaps he will come to-night."

Ah ! faithful hearts ! 'tis all in vain,  
Your loved one will not come again.  
Far, far away 'neath the rolling wave  
He sleeps alone in a sailor's grave.



---

By the Sea.

On the cold, gray shore I walk alone  
Where the curling waves o'er the wet sands creep,  
And my heart responds to the sea's sad moan  
As all in vain for my love I weep.  
O my dear, dead love! my only love,  
O love that I loved so fond and true,  
Do you ever look down from your home above,  
Or think of the heart that is aching for you?  
I remember well when you sailed away,  
We stood on the shore in the wind and rain,  
And you said you'd come back to me, dear, some day,  
But ah! you will never come back again,  
For under the cold, dark waves you sleep.  
Oh love, dear love my heart is sore,  
And my eyes grow dim with the tears I weep  
For my dear, dead love, who will come no more.  
With arms outstretched to the moaning sea  
I cry aloud in my dreary pain:  
"Bring back the love that you stole from me,  
Oh! bring me my dear, lost love again,"  
But the cold waves break on the grey sea shore  
And a sorrowful dirge they sing to me,  
"You may weep and sigh till time is no more,  
But we'll never bring back thy love to thee."  
And the dreary days drag wearily by,  
And I mourn and weep for the joys long past,  
On leaden wings the moments fly,  
But the end must surely come at last.  
O my dear, dead love, we will meet again  
On the golden shores of Eternity,  
And my weary waiting will not be vain  
When the sea gives back what it stole from me.

**Two Prayers.**

A woman knelt in prayer and bowed her head,  
And to her guardian angel softly said :  
" O angel ! tell me have the fates above  
Decreed that I'll be blessed in my love ?  
I love so dearly and I fain would learn  
If he I love doth love me in return."  
The angel paused, then gently breathed a sigh  
As in soft, pitying tones he made reply.  
" Even as you love him so doth he love thee,  
But Fate decrees that you must parted be."  
She sighed, then murmured, " Still my life is blest,  
If he but love me I can bear the rest."

Another woman prayed with drooping head:  
" Oh Angel ! will my love love me ? " she said,  
The Angel's tears fell fast like summer rain  
As soft he answered her, " Thy prayer is vain ;  
He loves another and can never be  
More than a true and faithful friend to thee,"  
And then she slowly raised her drooping head  
And smiling through her tears she softly said :  
" He may not love me other than a friend,  
But I love him and will unto the end  
Of time, aye, and through all eternity  
And that alone is heaven enough for me."

## To E. S.

O heartstricken, sorrowing mother !  
No words ever written or said  
Can lessen the weight of your sorrow  
Since the baby you love is dead.

But remember, O sorrowful mother  
Thy heart should rejoice, not repine.  
Since of all earth's beautiful treasures  
The Master has chosen thine.

The fairest, the brightest, the purest,  
Find grace in His loving eyes  
And the Lord hath chosen thy treasure  
To beautify Paradise.

Dear baby hands that will never  
Grow weary with earthly strife,  
Sweet baby eyes that will never  
Grow dim with the cares of life.

Wee feet that will never stumble  
Over Life's rugged way,  
For the hands of angels now guide them  
And they cannot go astray.

But a mother's love is boundless  
As the seas or the skies above,  
And a mother's heart grows jealous  
E'en of the angels love.

And she longs for her baby's kisses,  
The touch of the dimpled hand,  
And the baby voice now thrilling  
The ears of the angel band.

But you need not fear, O mother!  
Tho' the years be many or few,  
Tho' the time pass slow or swiftly.  
For the baby heart is true.

Not even the songs of the angels  
Or the joys of Paradise  
Can banish the tender yearning  
From your baby's gentle eyes

As she lingers beside the portal  
Of her shining, heavenly home  
And asks of the angel warder  
If her mother soon will come.

And the wistful longing deepens  
In her eyes as she stands and waits,  
Watching for mother darling  
At the City's pearly gates.

Cease then to mourn, sad mother,  
Take up Life's burden anew,  
Shape thou the future before thee  
With earnest endeavor and true,

That no thought or deed unworthy  
May bring shame to the baby eyes  
That are watching so wistfully for thee  
From the gates of Paradise.

**Our Babies.**

Willie and Annie, our two pretty babes,  
Our dear household angels, we love them so well;  
Brown eyes and blue, so merry and glad,  
Which is the dearest, 'tis hard for to tell.  
Dear little Nan with the nut-brown curls  
And bonnie brown eyes, so tender and true,  
Willie with locks of the sunniest gold  
And eyes like a bit of Heaven's own blue.

When dear, little Willie climbs up on my knee,  
And gazes so lovingly into my face,  
I think the wide world can hold nothing more dear  
Than our bonnie, wee lad, with his sweet baby  
ways.  
While Nan with her tricks drives us all nearly wild,  
And we try, all in vain, to make her "be good,"  
But I know as I clasp the sweet rogue to my heart,  
We would not have her otherwise e'en if we could.

O, innocent babies ! so pure and so fair,  
You must soon wander forth in the world's busy  
strife,  
And the dimpled, white hands will be wounded and  
torn,  
For thorns ever lurk 'neath the roses of life.  
God guard you, and keep you, my innocent ones ;  
May the sad tears of pain never dim your bright  
eyes.  
The pathway before you seems cloudless and fair,  
God grant that no sorrow may darken the skies.

## To M. A.

Even in the hour of her birth,  
When cradled on her mother's breast,  
A helpless babe, she lay at rest,  
The angel Pain came down to earth.

And bending o'er the sleeping child,  
He laid a burden on her heart,  
Then turned, but e'er he could depart  
The babe awoke and sweetly smiled.

The pathos in those great, dark eyes  
Went to his heart even as he spread  
His shining wings, then straight he sped  
In silent swiftness to the skies.

And reaching Heaven the angel Pain  
Sought out the ranks of seraphs fair,  
And kissed the sweetest singer there,  
Then winged his way to earth again.

And gazing on the child through tears,  
Upon her infant lips he left  
The kiss from heaven's singer reft,  
A recompense for future years.

And as the maiden grew in years  
They marveled at her winsome grace,  
The sweetness of her voice and face,  
Which moved mankind to smiles and tears.

But angels mourn while we rejoice  
To hear the strains, divine and sweet,  
For Heaven's choir is incomplete  
Without the music of her voice.

**The Lost Baby.**

The birds are singing sweet and clear,  
Their songs are full of gladness,  
The sun is shining bright, but still  
My heart is filled with sadness.

It matters not how glad the birds,  
Or fair the sunny day be.  
My heart is heavy with its grief,  
I've lost my little baby.

Oh have you seen him passing by,  
A bonnie little fellow,  
With eyes as blue as summer's sky  
And silky curls of yellow?

He disappeared quite suddenly  
And left no sign or token  
To let me know where he has gone;  
My heart is almost broken.

A manly lad is in his place,  
Much taller and much older,  
With boots and pockets, sun-burned face,  
A school-bag on his shoulder.

Who clasps his arms around my neck,  
And laughs with boyish vigor—  
"Why Auntie, dear, that baby's me,  
Only I'm grown up bigger."

And did you really think me lost?  
How could you be so silly?  
For though I'm grown up 'most a man  
I'm still your little Willy,

Who'll always love you just the same,  
And some day, Auntie, may be  
You'll love me every bit as much  
As you have loved that baby."

Dear little man, a wistful note  
Into his voice is creeping,  
Which warns me that the boyish heart  
Is full almost to weeping.

And so with tender words I haste  
To soothe his heart's dejection,  
And strive with many a loving kiss  
To prove my fond affection.

Dear lad, I take you to my heart,  
To hold you there forever  
And pray that stern misfortune's frown  
May rest upon you never.

But there's one chamber in my heart,  
Deep in the inmost center,  
From all the rest it stands apart,  
Within it none may enter.

And there on Memory's golden shrine  
Is pictured bright and clearly,  
The image of the baby boy  
I used to love so dearly.

**Canada.**

I love the land of Canada,  
The dear land of my birth ;  
I deem my native country  
The fairest place on earth.  
I love her lakes and rivers,  
Her forests, grand and high,  
And her golden sunsets bright'ning  
The landscape to the eye.

I love the slender Tamarac,  
The tall and stately Pine,  
The bonnie Birch and sturdy Oak  
With clinging Ivy vine.  
So beautiful ! So glorious !  
In Autumn splendor drest,  
I love them all, but ah ! I love  
The Maple Tree the best.

Old England has her Royal Rose,  
The Thistle's Scotland's pride,  
Whilst many brave and gallant men  
For Erin's Shamrock died.  
But give to me the Maple Leaf,  
More fair than all the rest,  
Our country's precious emblem,  
The dearest and the best.

O lovely land of Canada  
May joy and peace be thine,  
May the sun of bright prosperity  
O'er thy Dominion shine.  
May thy sons be brave and noble,  
Thy daughters, true and kind,  
And the love of home and country  
Our hearts in friendship bind.

### Good Luck.

While passing through a meadow  
All wet with early dew,  
I espied this four-leaved clover  
And gathered it for you.

They say a four-leaved clover  
Brings fortune, fair and true,  
And so with loving wishes  
I send it, dear, to you.

Oh ! May it bring you best of luck,  
And health and wealth galore ;  
May all that's beautiful and bright  
For you be held in store.

May happiness be always thine,  
And peace your steps attend,  
And Heaven's choicest blessings rest  
On you, my dearest friend.

**The Bay of Quinte.**

O lovely Bay of Quinte !

Rolling on in tranquil flow,  
Thine azure bosom tinted  
By the sunset's ruddy glow —  
I might roam thro' every country,  
I might sail o'er every sea,  
And never find a place more fair  
Than Quinte is to me.

No rugged cliffs nor mountains  
Outline thy tranquil shore,  
But O the peaceful scenery !  
No heart could wish for more.  
Thy sloping hills and valleys  
All clad in freshest green,  
O fairer shores than Quinte's  
No mortal eye hath seen.

I love thee, Bay of Quinte !  
I love thy pleasant shores,  
Thou art entwined with memories  
Of childhood's vanished hours.  
Oft have I stood upon the shores  
Thy dancing wavelets kiss  
And thought " 'Tis but in Heaven  
There are fairer scenes than this."

I love the Bay of Quinte,  
And when this life is o'er  
And I with joyous steps will tread  
Dear Quinte's side no more,  
Oh ! let me sleep by Quinte's side,  
More sweet would be my rest  
Beside the pleasant waters  
I have always loved the best.

**Just Like Me.**

"Now Annie, be quiet." I sharply say,  
"I have had enough of your noise to-day,  
And I think it is time you tried to be good,  
And behave yourself as a little girl should.  
Why do you persist in acting so?  
You're the naughtiest little girl I know."

I pause, and Nan looks demurely down  
To hide the gleam in her eyes so brown,  
Then says: "Dear Auntie, I s'pose it's so,  
I am very naughty, but then you know  
Grandma says that you used to be,  
When you were a little girl, just like me.

"She says you played 'hookey' 'most every day  
With Uncle Eddie down to the Bay,  
And you two used to fight like cats and dogs,  
And push one another off the logs  
In the shallow water, just for fun,  
'Then sit on the logs and dry in the sun.  
And you used to run the big boom 'round,  
And once you fell in and were nearly drowned,  
But some men heard Uncle Eddie shout  
And came just in time to pull you out.

" And you used to dress and nurse the cat,  
And play in the sun without any hat,  
'Till she'd think your very brains would bake,  
And you 'hooked' her pies and 'fobbed' her cake.  
And often you and my Uncle Ed  
For being naughty were sent to bed,  
Without any supper, and you used to cry  
When you had to wash dishes, same as I.

" And you used to run off to the fields for flowers,  
And stay away for hours and hours,  
Then slip in the back way upstairs to bed,  
You and Aunt Emmie and Uncle Ed.  
And she says you could climb a fence or tree,  
And tear your clothes just the same as me.

" So, Auntie. I think it is hardly fair,"  
The dear little maid goes on to declare,  
" That you should be always scolding so  
Because I am naughty, when you know  
You did the very same things I do.  
So Grandma says, and it must be true."

Like a culprit I sit and listen, dismayed,  
To the charges read by this little maid,  
I am vanquished, ay ! But I bear no grudge  
As I plead my guilt to the youthful judge,  
For memory wakes with a rush and whirl,  
Aroused by the words of the little girl,  
And, looking down in the bright, young face  
The well-known features and smile I trace  
Of another wee lassie I used to know  
Somewhere about twenty years ago.

And I close my eyes while memory strays  
Back to my wild, sweet childhood's days,  
And my heart beats fast and my pulses stir  
As I think of when I was "just like her."

Then two dimpled arms around me twine  
As the honest brown eyes glance into mine,  
Meeting my gaze so fearlessly  
As this strange question she puts to me,  
A question that thrills me through and through,  
"When I grow up will I be like you?"

For I think "she goes on in a musing tone,  
"It is awfully jolly to live alone,  
Without any husband to grumble and growl,  
Or bothersome babies to fret and howl,  
But just a dear, little niece like me,"  
How the brown eyes sparkle with mischievous glee!  
"To come now and then to visit you  
And make things lively, same as I do.  
And when called 'old maid' by people unkind,  
To smile so serene, as if you don't mind.  
O, I think it's so nice to be big and wise  
And have dear, little wrinkles around your eyes,  
And write nice verses and stories too.  
Oh! I'd love to grow up and be just like you."

"Just like me." Ah! She does not think  
How her prattle causes my heart to sink,  
As memory kneels o'er the grave of the Past,  
While the blinding tears fall thick and fast,  
Weaving a shadowy veil between  
My longing eyes and what might have been.

"Just like me." Forbid, O God!  
She should ever look back over pathways trod,  
As I have done, and see through tears,  
The shattered hopes and dreams of years.  
Grant that her lips may never quaff,  
As mine have done, Pain's bitter draught.  
Father! I pray, may it so Thee please  
That all resemblance between us cease,  
And her life no more be likened to mine  
When once she has crossed the boundary line  
That divides the battle-field of Life  
From the gardens with childish pleasures rife.  
"Just like me." Forbid, O God  
That her feet should tread where mine have trod.

Then smiling down in the clear, brown eyes  
That have watched my emotion with grave surprise,  
I clasp her close as I pray that she  
May never grow up to be "just like me."

**Her Answer.**

They said to her, " Why are your songs so sad ?  
Such hidden pain and pathos in them lie,  
Such mournful thoughts in sombre language clad,  
They bring the tears unbidden to the eye.  
If you would only sing in strains more glad  
The world would laugh, and so forget to sigh.

" Life has its pain, but has its pleasures too !  
A cheery smile is better than a tear ;  
Some hearts are false, we know, but some are true,  
The world is sad, why make it still more drear ?  
We love Life's roses better than Life's rue,  
Better than dirge of woe the song of cheer."

And as they talked with her in cheerful strain  
A shadow stole o'er her averted face,  
But when she turned to meet their gaze again  
Her smiling lips showed naught of sorrow's trace,  
Though in her eyes still lurked a shade of pain  
Which naught might banish from its dwelling place.

The lark sings gaily in the morning sun  
Uprising from its nest amid the wheat;  
The nightingale's sweet notes, when day is done,  
Float gently from the woodland's cool retreat  
In soft and plaintive strains, yet is there one  
Who hearing both, would deem the lark's more sweet ?

" A smile is better than a tear you say,  
Believe me, friends, it is not always so,  
As I can prove. 'Twas but the other day  
I stood with one whose heart was crushed with woe,  
Beside the coffin where her treasure lay,  
So great, so deep her grief, tears would not flow.

" Upon my breast she laid her aching head,  
I tried to comfort her, but words were vain,  
But as my tears fell fast above the dead  
Her tears burst forth in showers like the rain;  
Then when her grief was spent, she smiled and said :  
' Dear friend, those tears have eased my heart's dull  
pain.'"



**Soul and Mind.**

Here at the glass I stand and wait  
To meet that cold, proud gaze of thine,  
Some questions I would put to thee,  
So answer true, O Soul of mine!

Lift up those clear, calm eyes to mine,  
Calm eyes that search me thro' and thro',  
And listen while I question thee,  
O Soul of mine and answer true.

Life is so full of mysteries  
That are not understood by men.  
So full of problems yet unsolved,  
Too deep and vast for human ken.

Mine eyes, earth-blinded, vainly strive  
To read each wondrous mystery,  
But thou art heaven-born, they say,  
O Soul! It must be plain to thee.

Then tell me, was it worth my while  
To live thro' all those dull, gray years,  
With scarce a ray of joy or light  
To lift the clouds of grief and tears.

When as a child I knew no wrong,  
And hope within my heart beat high,  
When faith in human kind was strong,  
O Soul! Were it not best to die?

When Love's sweet magic thrilled my soul,  
And Life a paradise did seem,  
O Soul ! Were it not best to die  
Than live to find it all a dream ?

And when I tried to reach the goal  
Upon the heights so far above,  
Another passed me in the race  
And won the prize for which I strove.

And as I watched my fair hopes die,  
My heart grew cold and hard as stone.  
Then balked Ambition vanquished Faith,  
Whilst cruel Doubt usurped her throne.

O Soul ! Thou knowest how I tried  
To keep my faith in God and man,  
But every hope was swept from me.  
Why was it ? Answer, if you can.

Soul ! Is there joy enough in Heaven  
To make amends for human woe ?  
Can all eternity atone  
For what we suffer here below !

The preacher bids us kiss the rod,  
And bow our heads to Heaven's decree,  
Says Sorrow is the lot of man ;  
But tell me. Soul ! Why must it be ?

Nay, gaze not with accusing eyes,  
Mine eyes can stare as well as thine,  
Those questions I have put to thee,  
Thou can'st not answer, Soul of mine !

\* \* \* \* \*

A clear, sweet voice stole on my ear,  
A voice of wondrous melody,  
As from the mirror's crystal depths  
My Soul looked out and answered me.

I cannot tell you what she said,  
For words of mine are all too weak ;  
It was no language of this earth  
In which my Soul to me did speak.

Oh ! Wondrous were the words she spake,  
Wisdom and Truth, sublime and grand !  
They hushed my mind's wild questioning  
And fell upon my heart like balm.

Her eyes met mine with steadfast gaze,  
Until, abashed, I gazed no more,  
But knelt before my God, and prayed  
As I had never prayed before.

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**From Out the Depths.**

The night is closing fast around me, Lord,  
The shades of darkness gather, swift and gray,  
My aching eyes can scarcely pierce the gloom,  
And my weak, faltering feet have lost the way,  
O come to me in Sorrow's dreary night  
And lead me from the darkness into light.

There was a time when I was well content  
To walk within the paths appointed me,  
But listening to my heart's rebellious voice  
I wandered, step by step, afar from Thee.  
Night cometh fast, and swiftly fades the day ;  
Father have pity, I have lost my way.

When, hand in hand, I walked with Thee, dear Lord,  
Thy strength upheld me in my darkest hour,  
But now my burden bends me to the earth—  
I miss the aid of Thy sustaining power.  
Lord, turn from me the vengeance of Thy wrath  
And lead my faltering steps along the path.

My sin is this, O Lord, I tried to solve  
Those problems that are known to none but Thee.  
Bewildered and perplexed, I vainly strove  
To find an answer to Life's mystery.  
Thus, step by step, the dangerous path I trod  
Till like the fool, I said : " There is no God."

Lord, I confess with tears, my sin is great,  
But, penitent and humbled in the dust,  
I ask Thy pardon for my waywardness ;  
Have pity on me, Lord, in Thee I trust,  
Hear Thou my cry of penitence and grief :  
" Lord ! I believe, help Thou my unbelief."

**The Lesson.**

Once when my heart had dared to spurn  
The wisdom of His will sublime,  
God set a task for me to learn—  
To break this stubborn will of mine.

Humbled and penitent, I knelt  
At my stern teacher Sorrow's knee,  
And with white lips, heart-stricken spelt  
The lesson God had set for me.

Through shades of swiftly gathering night  
I strove the tear-stained page to con,  
Whilst friends who smiled with morning's light  
Departed as the night came on.

Then with my lesson learned by heart  
I turned to face the world again,  
And watched each fickle friend depart,  
Mine eyes bedimmed with tears of pain.

I scanned each face with wistful eyes  
For friendly smile, but there was none,  
Then turned away with bitter sigh  
And cried: "O God! There is not one,

"Who heedless of the world's cold scorn  
Will step from out the beaten road,  
And help with words of kindness born  
A comrade sinking 'neath the load."

O friend ! I own that I was wrong,  
My hasty judgment now I rue,  
You stepped from out that worldly throng  
To clasp my hand in friendship true.

The memory of that kindly deed  
Shall ever in my heart be shrined,  
For in that hour of sorest need  
You saved my faith in human kind.

And though God's hand hath smitten sore,  
Hath broken this poor heart of mine,  
And darkened all that lies before,  
I will not murmur nor repine.

For had my sun ne'er known eclipse,  
Had Life's fair blooms ne'er turned to rue,  
Had sorrow's cup not pressed my lips,  
I had not found a friend like you.

Of all I know, 'twas you alone,  
Who stretched towards me helping hands,  
Content to let the fruitless past  
Be judged by Him who understands.

Your hand had power my steps to stay  
As unbelief's dark paths I trod,  
And pointed out a better way,  
The peaceful path that leads to God.

**Unanswered Prayers.**

I asked for Love, God would not grant my prayer ;  
I prayed for Fame, and still He said me nay;  
I could not understand His loving care,  
That what He did was for my good alway.

And so I murmured at the stern decree,  
Rebellious anger swelling in my breast ;  
He smiled forgiveness as He said to me :  
“ My child, all that I do is for the best.”

And now my heart is cold to Love's sweet voice ;  
Ambition's flame lies lifeless in my breast ;  
Nor Love, nor Fame can make my heart rejoice—  
The only boon I ask of God is Rest.

My prayer is yet unanswered, but I know  
That God knows best how much my heart can bear;  
When it hath borne the allotted share of woe  
I know that he will hearken to my prayer.

His time and justice I can safely bide  
Knowing that He will grant me this request,  
And all Life's longings will be satisfied  
In that sweet hour when God will give me Rest.

**Your Sunny Smile.**

In summer when the skies were blue  
And sunshine bathed the land with light,  
When friends were mine whom I deemed true  
And Life seemed pleasant to my sight,  
With sunny smile you came to me  
And promised love and fealty.

Fairer than sunbeams did appear  
The sunshine of your smile to me,  
The love-light in your eyes more clear  
Than all the light on land and sea,  
And all my heart went out to you—  
I loved you and believed you true.

The sun withdrew, and all the land  
Grew dark, the world spoke harsh of me,  
Friends fell away on every hand,  
I mourned them not, I still had thee;  
But when I sought you in my need  
Your love proved but a broken reed.

'Twas but a cloud, and soon it passed,  
The sun shone fairer than before;  
Old friends returned, even you at last  
Smiled on me as in days of yore,  
But I had learned in that dark while  
To live without your sunny smile.

**My Friend.**

I had no friend! With heavy burdened heart  
And drooping head, alone I walked through Life  
And in the world's gay pleasures had no part ;  
My soul was wearied with the bitter strife.  
Unloved, unknown, I wandered through Life's mart,  
Through gloomy paths with many a sorrow rife.  
I had no friend.

The skies o'er head were heavy, dull and gray,  
Without one ray of sunshine breaking through,  
My starving heart grew faint along the way,  
When glancing up I met your gaze so true,  
Then all the dreary night was changed to day  
And I rejoiced, dear heart, because I knew  
I'd found a friend.

You never failed me, loving friend and true,  
Since that glad hour when we two first did meet,  
No longer do I dread Life's bitter rue  
Which Friendship's lips have touched and rendered  
sweet,  
Still rough the paths that I must journey through,  
But what care I tho' tempests 'round me beat,  
I have a friend.

**The Coming of the King.**

O God ! Dost Thou not hear the bitter wailing  
Ascending from the Earth unto Thy Throne?  
Are human tears and prayers so unavailing  
That Heaven heareth not our sobbing moan ?

" As a shepherd feeds his flock," so it is written,  
Lord, we believe, even as Thou hast said,  
Yet see, O God ! By Famine's gaunt hand smitten  
Thy children faint and die, They have no bread.

Thou hast endowed the Earth with goodly treasure  
That each may have a portion, fair and just,  
And bade Thy stewards give with flowing measure,  
Yet see, O Lord, how they abuse Thy Trust.

Hearken, O God ! O King, in justice hearken !  
Earth's toiling millions moan in agony.  
How long, dear God, must man's oppression darken  
The lives of those who put their trust in Thee ?

O Angel host, whose songs are ever ringing  
Around Jehovah's Throne, so sweet and clear,  
For one brief moment cease, O cease thy singing,  
And let Earth's bitter wailing reach His ear.

Weep on, ye sufferers, raise your moans to Heaven,  
Let cries of anguish swell more loud and long  
Until Earth's pain the jasper walls hath riven,  
And hushed the rapture of the angels' song.

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There was silence in Heaven around the Throne,  
As up from the Earth came a sobbing moan  
Fraught with such anguish and bitter wrong  
That the singers in Heaven hushed their song,  
And the Lord stooped down from His Throne to hear  
Earth's bitter cry as it reached His ear,  
And His heart was moved for the woes of men—  
"My children need me on Earth again."  
Then He said to His shining herald: "Go,  
Wing thy swift way to the world below,  
And proclaim this message unto all men,  
'The King is coming to Earth again.'"

Through the Gates of Pearl, like a winged flame,  
Down to the Earth the Angel came,  
And the hearts of men, erstwhile so sad  
With the cares of Life, grew light and glad  
When they heard the tidings the herald bore:  
"Rejoice! The King is coming once more."  
And all the rulers met to plan  
How Earth should welcome the Son of Man.

And they summoned the myriad slaves of Earth,  
The sad-faced toilers of humble birth,  
Saying: "Work! We bid ye, O slaves of the land!  
Build us a mansion, more high and grand

Than ever was seen on Earth before,  
For our King is coming to rule once more,  
So build us a palace, grand and great,  
Where our King can rule in royal state."

And the toilers labored with all their might  
Through many a weary day and night,  
And the palace walls rose high and grand  
'Neath the wondrous skill of brain and hand,  
And the feast was spread in the banquet hall  
Where the rich and mighty assembled all,  
And luxury, warmth and light were there,  
And the glimmer and gleam of jewels rare,  
In costliest garments all were dressed  
Waiting to welcome the Kingly Guest,  
And the sheen of garments, rich and grand,  
The labor of woman's toil-worn hands,  
And the bells rang out in joyous mirth  
To welcome the Prince of Peace to Earth.

And the work of the weary slaves was o'er.  
Their masters needed their toil no more ;  
All was in readiness for the guest,  
And the weary slaves, for a while might rest.  
"Hasten," they said, "from the palace door,  
All ye who are lowly-born and poor.  
When the King arrives in royal state  
It is fitting that none but the rich and great,  
The ruler, the statesman, the scribe and priest,  
Should sit with Him at the royal feast ;  
So depart, ye slaves, from the palace door,  
Go, seek your homes in the haunts of the poor,  
Lest your garments worn and your faces thin  
Should offend His eyes as He enters in."

And the weary toilers went slowly home  
Through the darkening streets. Their work was done.  
But some of them lingered and dared to stay  
To see the King as He passed that way,  
Though the royal feast was not for them,  
Yet they all might touch His garment's hem.

But even as the rulers sat in state,  
A knock was heard at the palace gate,  
"The King has come at last," they cried,  
And their hearts beat fast with joy and pride,  
"Our King has kept His royal word,  
Let us all go forth to meet our Lord."  
And they all went forth, that stately throng,  
And the palace gates were open flung,  
And there in the entrance stood a man  
In the humble garb of an artizan.

A murmur of anger, loud and long,  
Went up from that jeweled, silk-robed throng,  
That one from the ranks of the low and poor  
Should dare to knock at the palace door ;  
And they frowned on him as he meekly said :  
"I am tired and hungry, give me bread,  
I have journeyed many a mile this day,  
And my path lay over a rugged way,  
My limbs are weary and ready to sink,  
I am tired and thirsty, give me drink."

But they answered him as with one accord,  
"This is the palace of Christ the Lord ;  
Within the hall the feast is spread.  
Is it right that a beggar should eat the bread

That is meant for a Prince of Royal Race ? ”  
And they shut the door in the stranger's face.

Then they all went back to the banquet room,  
And they waited long for the King to come;  
And the lights burned dim as the night wore on,  
And hope from their bosoms was almost gone,  
And they said at the first, faint gleam of day :  
“ Surely the King has lost His way.  
Let us go forth with willing feet  
Through every by-way and every street ;  
Let us hasten before it is too late,  
And show Him the way to the palace gate.”

So all that day, with willing feet  
They searched through the crowded city street  
For a Kingly Stranger, but all in vain ;  
And their tears fell fast like the summer rain  
And their sorrow was deep as well as loud,  
For they loved their King, but their hearts were proud.

They found Him when day was almost o'er,  
'Mid the humble homes of the toiling poor.  
With a worshiping crowd around Him pressed,  
In glad amaze, He had stripped His breast  
Of the royal mantle, and wrapped it 'round  
A shivering outcast of the town,  
Whilst closely clasped to His sheltering breast  
A baby slumbered in peaceful rest—  
A poor little babe, a child of sin,  
With the brand of shame on its features thin,  
Whilst the jeweled crown that had graced His head  
He had given the poor, to sell for bread.

Then pushing the humble throng aside  
The rulers knelt at His feet and cried :  
" O King ! We have sought Thee long in vain,  
And our hearts were heavy with grief and pain ;  
Come, let us bring Thee to the gates  
Of Thy royal hall, where the feast awaits."

Christ looked at them with meek, sad eyes,  
And they all shrank back in shamed surprise ;  
They had seen that look of patient grace  
When they shut the door in the stranger's face.  
" Ye knew Me not, and denied Me bread,  
When I knocked at the door last night," He said.

**Rest.**

"I am so tired," a weary woman said,  
And on her pillow laid her aching head ;  
I have been toiling hard through all the day,  
Dear Lord, I am so tired I cannot pray,  
My brain is throbbing, and my eyes are dim,  
And all my tired senses seem to swim ;  
Since Life holds naught for me but toil and pain,  
Would I might sleep and never wake again."  
And as she on her pillow lay and wept  
Sweet sleep descended on her and she slept.

And in the silent hour of midnight gloom  
An angel softly stole into the room,  
And gliding noiselessly unto the bed,  
Laid its light hand upon the sleeper's head.  
The woman woke and marveled at the sight,  
For all the room was filled with radiant light.  
Then, as the angel bent and kissed her brow,  
She murmured softly, "Tell me who art thou?"  
Then as the angel clasped her to its breast  
She cried : "I know thee now, thy name is Rest."

And in the morn they came and found her there,  
Her pale, worn features rendered calm and fair,  
Beneath the wondrous majesty of Death,  
And as they gazed on her with bated breath,  
They marveled at the beauty and the grace  
That rested on the sleeper's peaceful face.  
And then they robed her form in garments fair,  
And from her brow they brushed the soft, brown hair,  
And crossed her toil-worn hands upon her breast  
And so she slept in sweet, eternal rest.

**Only a Working Girl.**

I know I am only a working girl,  
And I am not ashamed to say  
I belong to the ranks of those who toil  
For a living, day by day.  
With willing feet I press along  
In the paths that I must tread,  
Proud that I have the strength and skill  
To earn my daily bread.  
I belong to the "lower classes ;"  
That's a phrase we often meet.  
There are some who sneer at working girls ;  
As they pass us on the street,  
They stare at us in proud disdain  
And their lips in scorn will curl,  
And oftentimes we hear them say :  
" She's only a working girl."  
" Only a working girl ! " Thank God,  
With willing hands and heart,  
Able to earn my daily bread,  
And in Life's battle take my part.  
You could offer me no title  
I would be more proud to own,  
And I stand as high in the sight of God  
As the Queen upon her throne.  
Those gentle folk who pride themselves  
Upon their wealth and birth,  
And look with scorn on those who have  
Naught else but honest worth,  
Your gentle birth we laugh to scorn  
For we hold it as our creed  
That none are gentle, save the one  
Who does a gentle deed.

We are only the "lower classes,"  
But the Holy Scriptures tell  
How, when the King of Glory  
Came down on earth to dwell,  
Not with the rich and mighty  
'Neath costly palace dome,  
But with the poor and lowly  
He chose to make His home.

He was one of the "lower classes,"  
And had to toil for bread,  
So poor that oftentimes He had  
No place to lay His head.  
He knows what it is to labor  
And toil the long day thro',  
He knows when we are weary  
For He's been weary too.

O working girls! Remember,  
It is neither crime or shame  
To work for honest wages,  
Since Christ has done the same,  
And wealth and high position  
Seem but of little worth  
To us, whose fellow laborer  
Is King of Heaven and Earth.

So when you meet with scornful sneers,  
Just lift your heads in pride;  
The shield of honest womanhood  
Can turn such sneers aside,  
And some day they will realize  
That the purest, fairest pearls  
'Mid the gems of noble womankind  
Are "only working girls."

**The Honest Working Man.**

As through the world we take our way  
How oftentimes we hear  
The praises sung of wealthy men,  
Of prince, and duke and peer.  
The poets tell us of their fame,  
They are lauded o'er the land,  
But you very seldom hear them sing  
Of the honest working man.

They praise the wealthy banker,  
The purse-proud millionaire ;  
Their pockets have golden lining,  
So they're praised from everywhere.  
Let others sing the praises  
Of those darlings of the land,  
But mine shall be a nobler theme—  
The honest working man.

Let monarchs prize their glittering crowns  
And all their royal host,  
Let lordlings brag of their blue blood—  
They have nothing else to boast.  
But what is all their rank, compared  
To our hero, true and grand,  
One of fair Nature's noblemen—  
The honest working man.

His hands may be both rough and hard,  
His clothes and speech be plain,  
But you will find his manly heart  
Without a spot or stain.  
And there are some whose clothes are fine,  
Whose hands are soft and white,  
But the secret records of their lives  
Could never bear the light.

May Heaven's choicest blessings fall  
Upon that hero's head,  
Who bravely toils throughout each day  
To earn his loved ones bread.  
You'll find no monarch who can show  
A record half so grand.  
God bless great labor's true-born knight—  
The honest working man.

So now of Fortune's favored ones,  
Henceforth let less be said,  
And more be spoken of the man  
Who toils for daily bread.  
God bless each hardy son of toil  
That labors in the land.  
Let us give three cheers with right good will  
For the honest working man.

**Lend a Hand.**

Life is full of hidden perils,  
And the traveller never thinks  
Of the dangers that surround him,  
Till the ground beneath him sinks.  
Can you calmly stand and watch him  
Sinking in the treacherous sand,  
Heeding not his cry of anguish?  
Shame upon you ! Lend a hand !

When you see a young beginner  
Struggling up the steps of Fame,  
And in spite of opposition  
Striving hard to win a name,  
You who've gained the heights before him  
And upon the summit stand,  
Do not idly watch his struggles,  
Rouse yourselves and lend a hand.

When you see a wounded brother  
On the battle-field of Life,  
Who, after fighting, long and nobly,  
Falls, a loser in the strife,  
Pause one moment, O ye conquerors,  
In your rush to victory grand,  
Brave as ye he fought, tho' vainly.  
He is wounded. Lend a hand !

When you meet a fallen sister  
In the crowded city street,  
None to give her kindly counsel,  
None to guide her wayward feet—  
In God's eyes she's just as precious  
As the purest in the land.  
Speak no word of scorn or censure,  
Try to save her. Lend a hand !

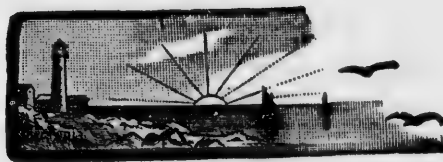
And perhaps, in that dread hour  
When all secrets are made known,  
When at last both saint and sinner  
Stand before the Judgment Throne,  
When in answer to the summons,  
At the Bar of God you stand,  
Waiting for the eternal sentence,  
You'll be glad you lent a hand.

**Two Poets.**

There lived a poet once, a famous bard,  
Whose muse, arrayed in robes of misty light,  
Soared high above the common herd of men.  
So high she soared, she almost passed from sight,  
Even as the cold and brilliant stars of Heaven  
That shine in chilly splendour from the skies  
Withhold the radiance of their fairest beams  
Beyond the naked sight of human eyes.  
Still there are some pretentious ones who read  
The mystic dreams and fancies of his brain,  
Pedantic minds, who, understanding naught,  
Would still have others think they grasp the strain,  
Till, at some passage with strange meaning fraught,  
Too subtle far for them to understand,  
They pause perplexed, then as with one accord  
Cry out in chorus: "How sublime and grand!"  
O gifted bard! I would not try to pluck  
One leaf from out thy laurel wreath of fame  
Because I fail to grasp thy subtle thought;  
'Tis not in thee, but me, where lies the blame.  
Around his tomb the world has bowed in grief,  
And strewed his grave with bay and laurel leaf.

There lived and died a poet, years ago—  
A hardy, humble ploughman of the soil  
Who sang his heartfelt songs in simplest words  
And earned his daily bread by humble toil.

His songs brought gladness unto many hearts  
And soothed men's sorrows as with magic spell.  
His name was known in palace and in cot,  
For king and peasant loved the poet well.  
And why? Because he sang of human faith,  
Of human love, of human joy and pain,  
The grandest thoughts couched in the simplest words,  
The lowliest mind could grasp the meaning plain.  
O poet ploughmen! thine the laurel wreath,  
Whose songs found answer in the hearts of men,  
Thy name shall live on Fame's immortal scroll  
After his name has passed from mortal ken,  
Thine the true poet soul and master mind  
Whose lyrics touched the hearts of all mankind.



**In Memoriam, G. P. Y.**

Just three-score years and ten he spent with us,  
The span of Life allotted unto man,  
And then before old age had dimmed his eye  
Or clouded his great intellect and brain,  
God's voice spake out to him and called him hence.  
And he obeyed the call, nor shrank when Death,  
That grim and ghastly King of Terrors, laid  
His hand upon his noble heart, and stilled  
Its kindly throbs. No coward sign he made,  
But undismayed and fearless, he went forth  
Into the great, mysterious unknown,  
Whose entrance is the Grave, whose password—Death.

And now to him all secrets are revealed ;  
Those mysteries, unfathomed and profound,  
Those problems which we ever try to solve  
With all the might of our poor human ken—  
Problems which baffled even his great brain—  
Are all unfolded now unto his sight  
Like printed pages of an open book.  
Ah ! If he only could come back again  
For one brief space of time, and speak to us  
Of those great mysteries, profound and vast,  
Which are no longer mysteries to him.  
But that can never be, such thoughts are vain,  
For our earth-blinded eyes must e'en as his

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Be touched and opened by the hand of Death,  
Ere we can hope to read the truths sublime  
Inscribed within the pages of that book.

And we who know how quenchless was his thirst  
For Truth and Knowledge, though we mourn our loss,  
Rejoice to picture him in that far land,  
Drinking deep draughts of knowledge from the springs  
Of glorious, eternal, living Truth.  
And knowing this we would not wish thee back,  
Teacher and guide, philosopher and sage,  
Who lived as God ordained mankind should live,  
Who died as God ordained mankind should die,  
Whose life was blameless and whose end was peace.

**A New Year's Greeting.**

Long years have passed since we last met,  
Long years of mingled joy and pain,  
And years may come and vanish yet  
Ere we two meet again.

The path I've trod since then, dear friend,  
Has proven rough unto my feet ;  
I've learned that Life holds in the end  
More bitterness than sweet.

And now on this glad New Year's day,  
When all the land is bright with cheer,  
I pause beside the mile-stone gray  
That marks another year.

Here Friendship comes with outstretched hand  
Her chosen, favored ones to meet.  
Unnoticed and alone I stand—  
I have no friend to greet.

In bitterness I turn away  
And sigh : " Is there not one that's true,  
Whose friendship can outlast a day ? "  
And then I think of you.

O truest heart ! O noblest friend  
God ever sent to comfort me,  
Here at the Old Year's fruitless end  
My soul cries out to thee.

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Across the gulf of weary years  
My lonely spirit calls to thine,  
And memory brings the sudden tears,  
My friend of "Auld Lang Syne."

How shall I word the message, dear,  
My greeting for this New Year's day?  
How write the words of kindly cheer  
That my full heart would say?

May all your life from care be free,  
Not crushed as mine, 'neath Sorrow's thrall,  
The sunlight God denied to me  
Across your pathway fall.

**Death of the Old Year.**

In the silent hour of midnight  
Like a mystic phantom gray,  
Head bowed low in weeping sorrow,  
So the Old Year steals away.  
None bestow a thought upon him,  
For his death none shed a tear,  
All are thinking of the morrow,  
Of the blithe and bright New Year.

Hastening on with weary footsteps,  
Wailing oft in saddened tone :  
" No one cares for all my sorrow,  
No one grieves that I am gone."  
Shivering in the bitter night wind,  
Death's dark shadows looming near,  
By every one he is deserted.  
Poor, forsaken, sad Old Year !

Now the midnight chimes are telling  
Of the gladsome New Year's birth ;  
How their cheery tones are swelling  
Into joyous songs of mirth  
Whilst in bitter, lonely sorrow,  
Passing on through pathways drear,  
To the sea of dark Oblivion,  
Glides the lonely, sad Old Year.

**Christmas Memories.**

Christmas bells are softly pealing  
Through the frosty morning air,  
O'er my heart the notes are stealing,  
Driving out the pain and care.  
Clearer now their tones are ringing  
Over the new-fallen snow,  
Once again the tidings bringing,  
Brought by angels long ago.

And my thoughts are softly turning  
To a vanished Christmas day,  
And my heart is filled with yearning  
For the dear ones far away,  
Sad, sweet memories, swiftly thronging  
Thrill my breast with joy and pain,  
And I long with tender longing  
To be with them once again,

O! the time seems long and dreary  
Since those parting words were said,  
And the path is rough and weary  
That my tired feet must tread.  
Yet though my life is filled with sadness,  
Still with fervent heart I pray,  
May their lives be filled with gladness  
And peace be theirs this Christmas day.

**The New Year.**

When the gloomy shades of midnight  
Have enveloped all the earth,  
I sit watching at the window  
For the coming New Year's birth,  
And I seem to see in fancy,  
Through the shadows of the night,  
Hosts of angel forms advancing,  
O so fair and wondrous bright.

Well I know those radiant beings  
Are not of an earthly clime—  
In their midst a grim old figure,  
Gaunt and gray, old Father Time ;  
In his arms he bears a burden—  
'Tis an infant, young and fair,  
Rounded limbs and baby dimples,  
Laughing eyes and shining hair.

Onward comes the bright procession;  
Singing songs of happy cheer,  
And I know the smiling infant  
Is the blithe and bright New Year.  
Now they pause before my window  
And the New Year laughs with glee,  
Holding both hands clasped tightly  
O'er the gifts I may not see.

And he whispers : " O sad mortal !  
Bid thy sorrows all depart,  
I have come with fairest blessings  
And would cheer thy saddened heart."  
And I whisper : " Tell me, New Year,  
What thou hast in store for me ? "  
But he clasps his hand still closer  
O'er the gifts I may not see.

And he speaks in solemn sadness  
" Mortal, would'st thou look ahead,  
Would'st thou draw aside the curtain  
From the paths that thou must tread ?  
Never yet were seen by mortals,  
Paths as yet by them untrod,  
Seek not then to read the future,  
Leave it all to time and God."

Then with footsteps fleet and noiseless,  
Speed the shining throng away  
And once more alone I'm sitting  
In the darkness, cold and gray.  
" Ah ! The New Year's right," I murmur,  
" It is best I should not know,  
So to God I leave the future  
Be it weal or be it woe."

**A Christmas Prayer.**

Dear Lord, at this glad Christmas tide,  
When loving friends with joyous mirth  
Meet 'round each cheerful Christmas hearth,  
Is there no Christmas guest for me?  
See Lord, my heart's door opened wide,  
O, enter Thou, with me abide ;  
This anniversary of Thy birth  
Wilt Thou not deign my guest to be?

Lord, when with loving hearts aglow,  
Friend greeteth friend with Christmas cheer,  
They offer gifts through friendship dear,  
East Thou no Christmas gift for me?  
Dear Lord, to me Thy kindness show,  
I long so much Thy Peace to know,  
Come Thou unto my hearth-stone drear  
And bring the gift of Peace with Thee.

### The Dying Year.

The New Year comes to me with laughing eyes,  
His hands clasped closely that I may not see,  
And whispers of the wondrous gifts he holds  
Safe hidden in his dimpled palms for me.  
But all his promises to me are naught,  
His words but fall upon a heedless ear.  
To all his glowing hopes I give no thought  
For I am weeping for the dying year.

Oh! Dear Old Year, and must I say farewell?  
Never indeed was word so sadly said.  
I care not for the New Year's promises,  
With thee my fairest hopes will soon be dead.  
Old Year, thou wast indeed a friend to me  
And though my joy were sometimes mixed with woe  
No other year was half so kind as thee;  
It breaks my heart, Old Year, to see thee go.

Hark! Now the bells ring out their merry chime!  
Upon the midnight air their voices swell  
A peal of welcome to the new-born year.  
To me 'tis but the Old Year's dying knell.  
O, dear old friend, the hour has come at last  
When I must say farewell for aye to thee.  
New Years may come and Old Years pass away,  
But you will never be forgot by me.

**St. Valentine's Eve.**

" Good St. Valentine, listen to me,  
Good St. Valentine, let me see  
Who my future love will be ? "  
—Old Rhyme.

I was all alone at the window  
On the eve of St. Valentine's day,  
And the moon shed a soft, silver lustre,  
O'er the earth clad in snowy array.

And I hope, dear, you'll not think me foolish  
When you hear what I have to tell,  
But sitting alone in the moonlight  
I thought of the old love-spell.

They say if you stand in the moonlight  
And pray to St. Valentine  
For a glimpse of your future lover  
In the words of a quaint, old rhyme,

That the good Saint never refuses  
To answer a prayer sincere,  
And the form of the one who loves you  
That night in your dreams will appear.

So I thought if he listened to others  
He might answer a prayer of mine,  
For you know he's the friend of lovers,  
This dear old Saint Valentine.

But I fear I'm a bit of sceptic  
For I hadn't much faith in the charm,  
Still I thought to myself, "I will try it,  
As it surely can do no harm."

And the moon shed its glories around me  
As I whispered the quaint old rhyme,  
And of course, dear, I need not tell you  
I was thinking of you all the time.

Oh ! I whispered it ever so softly  
For fear I might be overheard,  
But the moon and the stars seemed to listen  
And I know that they caught every word.

And I fancied the moon was smiling  
And the stars seemed to laugh overhead,  
And I felt half ashamed of my folly  
As I silently crept to my bed.

But, dear, I awoke in the morning  
Convinced that the charm was true,  
And I know that the good Saint heard me,  
For, darling, I dreamed of you.

**Hallowe'en.**

As I sit alone by the fire  
This quiet Hallowe'en,  
My heart revives with the memory  
Of a past and happy scene,  
How their forms arise before me,  
The dear friends of the past,  
But how soon the visions vanish,  
Too bright by far to last !

I seem to feel their presence  
In the swiftly gathering gloom,  
And I hear their garments rustle  
In the stillness of the room,  
And gentle mem'ry rolls away  
The years that intervene  
Between me and the pleasure  
Of that happy Hallowe'en.

A merry, laughing party,  
With lips and eyes aglow,  
With ringing laugh and merry jest—  
What thought had we of woe?  
O loved ones dear, since that glad night,  
Sad years have come and gone,  
And of all the bright and happy group,  
I am sitting here alone.

Alone of all that happy group;  
Some sleep beneath the ground,  
And winter winds sweep o'er their graves  
With sad and mournful sound.  
And some by happy firesides,  
With children, bright and fair,  
Encircled by Love's shelt'ring arms  
They know no pain nor care.

And one, ah me, the dearest one  
Of all that household band,  
Has drained the cup of sorrow  
From Fate's relentless hand.  
Better, dear heart, if thou had'st died  
In childhood, long ago,  
Than live to see thy future marred  
By memories of woe.

And as I sit here dreaming,  
It seems so long ago,  
Like a day of brightest sunshine  
Veiled by weary years of woe,  
And I bow my head in sorrow  
While my soul cries out in pain;  
Will those days of peace and gladness  
Ne'er come to us again?

Then a voice of silvery music  
Comes stealing through the room,  
And a presence, sweet and mystic,  
Seems to lighten up the gloom,  
It lulls my bitter yearnings  
Into calm and peaceful rest,  
As it bids me not to murmur  
For God knows what is best.

It is the lot of mortals  
To feel the weight of woe.  
If we would wear the crown in heaven  
We must bear the cross below.  
I know some day we all will meet  
Where Sorrow cannot blight,  
And in the radiant morning  
We'll forget the darksome night.

And so I sit here dreaming  
In the calm and quiet night,  
Of the sad, sweet memories of the past  
And the future, fair and bright.  
Then softly doth Oblivion draw  
Her mystic veil between,  
And shuts out the haunting memories  
Of that happy Hallowe'en.

**Thanksgiving.**

Thank God for Life !

E'en tho' it bring much bitterness and strife,  
And all our fairest hopes be wrecked and lost ;  
E'en tho' there be more ill than good in Life  
We cling to Life and reckon not the cost.  
Thank God for Life.

Thank God for Love !

For tho' sometimes Grief follows in its wake,  
Still we forget Love's sorrow in Love's joy  
And cherish tears with smiles for Love's dear sake ;  
Only in Heaven is bliss without alloy.  
Thank God for Love.

Thank God for Pain !

No tear hath ever yet been shed in vain,  
And in the end each sorrowing heart shall find  
No curse, but blessings in the hand of Pain ;  
Even when He smiteth, then is God most kind.  
Thank God for Pain.

Thank God for Death !

Who touches anguished lips and stills their breath,  
And giveth Peace unto each troubled breast ;  
Grief flies before thy touch, O blessed Death !  
God's sweetest gift ; thy name in Heaven is Rest.  
Thank God for Death.

**My Prayer.**

Ye who have struggled with me in the strife,  
Ye who have braved the conflict, fought and bled,  
My comrades on the battle-field of Life,  
Deal with me gently after I am dead.

Remember not my many frailties,  
My faults and failings, though they are not few,  
Nay, countless as the sands beside the seas,  
Still would I ask forgetfulness from you.

It may be that some comrade's heart hath bled,  
Sore wounded by some careless shaft of mine,  
But let not anger live against the dead,  
"To err is human, to forgive Divine."

And if your wrath is fierce and fain would live,  
Remember that I also suffered wrong,  
Yet found it in my power to forgive.  
Though Hate is mighty, Love is still more strong.

One virtue I can surely call my own,  
Perchance, with it, my life has not been vain ;  
My ears were swift to hear another's moan,  
My eyes were swift to weep for others' pain.

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So when you breathe my name in future years  
Deal gently with the comrade who is gone,  
Remember her as one who shared your tears  
And felt your sorrows even as her own.

O friends ! Deny me not the boon I ask,  
Is human wrath more dread than that of Heaven ?  
Is pardoning a fault so great a task  
That man should dare refuse what God has given ?

Trace all my frailties in Oblivion's sand,  
But grave my virtues deep on memory's shrine ;  
When this is done by Heaven's recording hand  
Can human hearts refuse this prayer of mine ?